SPEECHES

DELIVERED TO HER MAIESTIE THIS LAST PROGRESSE, AT THE

Right Honorable the Lady RVSSELS, at Biſſam, the Right Honorable the Lorde CHANDOS at Sudley, at the Right Honorable the Lord NORRIS, at Ricorte.

At Oxforde, Printed by Ioſeph Barnes.
1592.

TO THE READER.

I GATHERED theſe copies in looſe papers I know not how imperfect, therefore muſt I craue a double pardon; of him that penned them, and thoſe that reade them. The matter of ſmall moment, and therefore the offence of no great danger.

I. B.

At the top of the Hill going to Biſſam, the Cornets ſounding in the Woods, a wilde man came forth and vttered this ſpeech.

I Followed this ſounde, as enchanted; neither knowing the reaſon why, nor how to bee ridde of it: vnuſuall to theſe Woods, and (I feare) to our gods prodigious. *Syluanus* whom I honour, is runne into a Caue: *Pan*, whom I enuye, courting of the Shephearddeſſe: Enuie I thee *Pan*? No, pitty thee, an eie-ſore to chaſt Nymphes; yet ſtill importunate: Honour thee *Syluanus*? No, contemne thee: fearefull of Muſicke in the Woods, yet counted the god of the Woods. I, it may bee more ſtout, than wiſe, asked, whō paſſed that way? what he or ſhee? none durſt anſwere, or would vouchſafe, but paſsionate Eccho, who ſaide Shee. And Shee it is, and you are Shee, whom in our dreames many yeares wee Satyres haue ſeene, but waking could neuer finde any ſuch. Euery one hath tolde his dreame and deſcribed your perſon, all agree in one, and ſet downe your vertues: in this onely did wee differ, that ſome ſaide your Pourtraiture might be drawen, other ſaide impoſsible: ſome thought your vertues might be numbred, moſt ſaide they were infinite: Infinite, and impoſsible, of that ſide was I: and firſt in humility to ſalute you moſt happy I: my vntamed thoughts

waxe gentle, & I feele in my ſelfe ciuility, A thing hated, becauſe not knowen, and vnknowen, becauſe I knew not you. Thus Vertue tameth fierceneſſe, Beauty, madneſſe. Your Maieſty on my knees will I followe, bearing this Club, not as a Saluage, but to beate downe thoſe that are.

At the middle of the Hill ſate Pan, and two Virgins keeping ſheepe, and ſowing in their Samplers, where her Maieſtye ſtayed and heard this.

Pan. PRety ſoules and bodies too, faire ſhephardiſſe, or ſweete Miſtreſſe, you know my ſuite, loue, my vertue, Muſicke, my power, a godhead. I cannot tickle the ſheepes gutts of a Lute, bydd, bydd, bydd, like the calling of Chickins, but for a Pipe that ſqueeketh like a Pigg, I am he. How doe you burne time, & drowne beauty in pricking of clouts, when you ſhould bee penning of Sonnets? You are more ſimple then the ſheepe you keepe, but not ſo gentle. I loue you both, I know not which beſt, and you both ſcorne me, I know not which moſt. Sure I am, that you are not ſo young as not to vnderſtand loue, nor ſo wiſe as to withſtand it, vnleſſe you think your ſelues greater thā gods, whereof I am one. Howe often haue I brought you Cheſtnuts for a loue token, & deſired but acceptance for a fauour. Little did you knowe the miſterye, that as the huske was thornye and tough, yet the meate ſweete, ſo though my hyde were rough and vnkempt, yet my heart was ſmooth and louing: you are but the Farmers daughters of the Dale, I the god of the flocks that feede vpon the hils. Though I cannot force loue, I may obedience, or elſe ſende your ſheepe a wandring, with my fancies. Coyneſſe muſt be reuenged with curſtneſſe, but be not agaſte ſweet mice, my godhead cōmeth ſo faſt vpon me, that Maieſtye had almoſt ouerrūn affectiō, Can you loue? Wil you?

Syb. Alas poore *Pan*, looke how he looketh Siſter, fitter

to

to drawe in a Harueſt wayne, then talke of loue to chaſte Virgins, would you haue vs both?

Pan. I, for oft I haue hearde, that two Pigeons may bee caught with one beane.

Iſab. And two Woodcocks with one ſprindge.

Syb. And many Dotterels with one dance.

Iſab. And all fooles with one faire worde.

Nay, this is his meaning; as he hath two ſhapes, ſo hath he two harts, the one of a man wherewith his tongue is tipped, diſſembling; the other of a beaſt, wherewith his thoughts are poyſoned, luſt. Men muſt haue as manie loues, as they haue hart-ſtrings, and ſtudie to make an Alphabet of miſtreſſes, from A. to Y. which maketh them in the end crie, Ay. Againſt this, experience hath prouided vs a remedy, to laugh at them when they know not what to ſaie, and when they ſpeake, not to beleeue them.

Pan. Not for want of matter, but to knowe the meaning, what is wrought in this ſampler?

Syb. The follies of the Gods, who became beaſtes, for their affections.

Pan. What in this?

Iſa. The honour of Virgins who became Goddeſſes, for their chaſtity.

Pan. But what be theſe?

Syb. Mens tongues, wrought all with double ſtitch but not one true.

Pan. What theſe?

Iſa. Roſes, Eglētine, harts-eaſe, wrought with Queenes ſtitch, and all right.

Pan. I neuer hard the odds betweene mens tongues, and weomens, therefore they may be both double, vnleſſe you tell mee how they differ.

Syb. Thus, weomens tongues are made of the ſame fleſh that their harts are, and ſpeake as they thinke: Mens harts of the fleſh that their tongues, and both diſſemble, But prythy *Pan* be packing, thy words are as odious as thy

fight and we attend a fight which is more glorious, then the sunne rising.

Pan. What doth *Iupiter* come this waies?

Syb. No, but one that will make *Iupiter* blush as guilty of his vnchast iugglings, and *Iuno* dismaide as wounded at her Maiesty. What our mother hath often tolde vs, and fame the whole world, cannot be concealed from thee; if it be, we wil tell thee, which may hereafter make thee surcease thy suite, for feare of her displeasure, and honour virginitye, by wondering at her vertues.

Pan. Say on sweete soule?

Syb. This way commeth the Queene of this Islande, the wonder of the world, and natures glory, leading affections in fetters, Virginities slaues: embracing mildnes with Iustice, Maiesties twinns. In whom nature hath imprinted beauty, not art paynted it; in whome wit hath bred learning, but not without labour; labour brought forth wisedome, but not without wonder. By her it is (*Pan*) that all our Carttes that thon seest, are laden vvith Corne, when in other countries they are filled vvith Harneys, that our horses are ledde vvith a whipp: theirs vvith a Launce, that our Riuers flow with fish, theirs with bloode: our cattel feede on pastures, they feede on pastures like cattel: One hande she stretcheth to *Fraunce*, to weaken Rebels; the other to *Flaunders*, to strengthen Religion; her heart to both Countries, her vertues to all. This is shee at whom *Enuie* hath shott all her arrowes, and now for anger broke her bow, on whom God hath laide all his blessinges, & we for ioy clappe our hands, heedlesse treason goeth hedlesse; and close trechery restlesse: Daunger looketh pale to beholde her Maiesty; & tyranny blusheth to heare of her mercy. *Iupiter* came into the house of poore *Baucis*, & she vouchsafeth to visite the bare Farmes of her subiects. We vpō our knees, wi lentreat her to come into the valley, that our houses may be blessed with her presence, whose hartes are filled with quietnes by her gouernement. To her wee wish as many yeares, as our fieldes haue eares of

corn e,

corne, both infinite: and to her enemies, as many troubles, as the Wood hath leaues, all intollerable. But whist, here shee is, run downe *Pan* the hill in all haste, and though thou breake thy necke to giue our mother warning, it is no matter.

Pan. No, giue me leaue to die with woundring, & trippe you to your mother. Here I yeelde all the flockes of these fields to your highnes: greene be the grasse where you treade: calme the water where you rowe: sweete the aire, where you breathe: long the life that you liue, happy the people that you loue: this is all I can wish. During your abode, no theft shalbe in the woods: in the fielde no noise, in the vallies no spies, my selfe will keepe all safe: that is all I can offer. And heare I breake my pipe, which *Apollo* could neuer make me doe; and follow that sounde which followes you.

At the bottome of the hill, entring into the house Ceres with her Nymphes in an harueſt Cart, meete her Maiesty, hauing a Crowne of wheat-ears with a Iewell, and after this song, vttered the speech following.

Swel Ceres *now for other Gods are shrinking,*
Pomona *pineth,*
Fruitlesse her tree;
Faire Phœbus *shineth*
Onely on mee.
Conceite doth make me smile whilst I am thinking,
How euery one doth read my story,
How euery bough on Ceres *lowreth,*
Cause heauens plenty on me powreth,
And they in leaues doe onely glory,
All other Gods of power bereuen,
Ceres *only Queene of heauen.*

With Robes and flowers let me be dreſſed,
Cynthia *that ſhineth,*
Is not ſo cleare,
Cynthia *declineth,*
When I appeere,
Yet in this Ile ſhee raignes as bleſſed,
And euery one at her doth wonder,
And in my eares ſtill fonde fame whiſpers,
Cynthia *ſhalbe* Ceres *Miſtres,*
But firſt my Carre ſhall riue a ſunder,
Helpe Phœbus *helpe my fall is ſuddaine,*
Cynthia, Cynthia, *muſt be ſoueraigne.*

GReater then *Ceres*, receiue *Ceres* Crowne, the ornament of my plenty, the honour of your peace, heere at your highnes feete, I lay downe my feined deity, which Poets haue honoured, truth contemned. To your Maieſty whome the heauens haue crowned with happines, the world with vvonder, birth with dignitie, nature with perfection, vve doe all Homage, accounting nothing ours but what comes frō you. And this muche dare we promiſe for the Lady of the farme, that your preſence hath added many daies to her life, by the infinite ioies ſhee conceyues in her heart, who preſents your highneſſe with this toye and this ſhort praier, poured from her hart, that your daies may increaſe in happines, your happines haue no end till there be no more daies.

At her Maieſties entrance into the Caſtle, an olde Shepheard ſpake this ſaying.

VOuchſafe to heare, a ſimple Shephard, ſhephards and ſimplicity cannot part, your highnes is cõe into Cotſhold, an vneuẽ coũtry, but a people, that carry their thoughtes leuell with their fortunes, lowe ſpirites, but true harts, vſing plaine dealinge, once counted a Iewell nowe beggery, theſe hills afoorde nothing but cottages, and nothing can we preſent to your highnes, but ſhephards. The country healthy, and harmeles, a freſh aier, where there are noe dampes, and where a black ſheepe is a perilous beaſt, no monſters, we carry our harts, at our tongues ends, being as farre from diſſembling, as our ſheepe from fierceneſſe, and if in any thing, we ſhall chance to diſcouer our leudnes, it wilbe in ouer boldneſſe, in gazinge at you, who fils our harts with ioye, and our eies with wonder, as for the honorable Lord and Lady of the Caſtle, what happines they conceiue, I would it were poſsible for them ſelues to expreſſe, then ſhould your Maieſtie ſee, that al outwarde enterteinment, were but a ſmoake riſing from their inward affectiõns, which as they cannot be ſeene, being in the hart, ſo can they not be ſmoothred, appearing in their countenance, this lock of wooll Cotſholdes beſt fruite, and my poore gift, I offer to your highnes, in which nothing is to be eſteemed, but the whitenes, virginities colour, nor to be expected but duetye, ſhepards religion.

Sunday, Apollo running after Daphne, a Shepheard followed vttering this.

Neſcis temeraria; neſcis,
Quem fugias; idcoq́ fugis.

A ſhort tale, but a ſorrowfull, a iuſt complaint, but remedeleſſe, I loued, (for ſhephardes haue their Saints)

long I loued (for beauty bindeth prentices) a Nymph moſt faire & as chaſt as faire, yet not more faire, then I vnhappy, *Apollo* who calleth him ſelfe a god (a title among men, when they will commit iniuries) tearme themſelues gods, purſued my *Daphne* with booteleſſe loue, and me, with endleſſe hate, her he woed; with faire wordes, the flatteries of men, with great gifts, the ſorceries of gods, with cruell threates, the terrefiing of weake damoſels *Nec prece nec pretio nec mouet ille minis*. me; he terrified with a monſtrous word metamorphoſing, ſaying that he would turne me into a woolfe and of a ſhepheard make me a ſheepe-biter, or into a Cockatrice and cauſe mine eies which gazed on her, to blind hers which made mine dazell, or to a molde that I ſhould heare his flattering ſpeech, but neuer behold her faire face, *tantæné animis cœleſtibus iræ*? ſometimes would he allure her with ſweete muſicke, but harmony is harſh when it is luſts broaker, often with promiſe of immortality, but chaſtetye is of it ſelfe immortall, euer purſuing her with ſwiftnes, but vertue tying wings to the thoughts of Virgins, ſwiftnes becommeth ſurbated; thus liued he twixt loue and ielouſy; I twixt loue and danger; ſhe twixt feare and vertue. At laſt and alas, this day I feare of all my ioyes the laſt, I cannot as a Poet (who deſcribing the morning, and before he tell what it is, make it night,) ſtand on the time, loue coyneth no circumloquutions, but by the ſunne, a Shepheardes Diall, which goeth as true as our harts, it was four of the clock, whē ſhe flying frō his treaſon was turned into a tree; which made me ſtand, as though I had bene turned into a ſtone, and *Apollo* ſo enchanted as wounded with her loſſe, or his owne crueltye, the fingers which were wonte to play on the Lute, found no other inſtrument then his owne face, the goulden haire the pride of his heade pulde off in lockes and ſtampt at his feete, his ſweete voice, turned to howling; and there ſitteth he, (long maie he ſorrowe,) wondring, and weeping, and kiſsing the lawrell, his late loue, and mine euer. Pleaſeth your Maieſtye to viewe the melancholy of *Apollo*, my diſtreſſe, and

Daphnes

Daphnes miſchance, it may be the ſight of ſo rare perfectiō, will make him die for griefe, which I wiſh, or *Daphne* returne to her olde ſhape, which muſt be your wounder; if neither, it ſhal content me that I haue reuealed my griefes, and that you may beholde his.

This ſpeech ended, her Maieſty ſawe Apollo with the tree, hauing on the one ſide one that ſung, on the other one that plaide.

SIng you, plaie you, but ſing and play my truth,
This tree my Lute, theſe ſighes my notes of ruth:
The Lawrell leafe for euer ſhall bee greene,
And chaſtety ſhalbe Apolloes *Queene.*
If gods maye dye, here ſhall my tombe be plaſte,
And this engrauen, fonde Phœbus, Daphne *chaſte.*

After theſe verſes, the ſong.

MY hart and tongue were twinnes, at once conceaued,
The eldeſt was my hart, borne dumbe by deſtenie,
The laſt my tongue, of all ſweete thoughts bereaued,
Yet ſtrung and tunde, to play harts harmonie.
Both knit in one, and yet aſunder placed,
What hart would ſpeake, the tongue doeth ſtill diſcouer,
What tongue doth ſpeake, is of the hart embraced,
And both are one to make a new found louer:
New founde, and onely founde in Gods and Kings,
Whoſe words are deedes, but deedes nor words regarded:
Chaſte thoughts doe mount and flie with ſwifteſt wings,
My loue with paine, my paine with loſſe rewarded:
Engraue vpon this tree, Daphnes *perfection,*
That neither men nor gods, can force affection.

The ſong ended, the tree riued, and Daphne iſſued out, Apollo ranne after, with theſe words.

NImpha mane, per me concordant carmina neruis.
Faire Daphne ſtaye, too chaſte becauſe too faire,
Yet fairer in mine eies, becauſe ſo chaſte,
And yet becauſe ſo chaſte, muſt I deſpaire?
And to deſpaire, I yeelded haue at laſt.
Shepheard poſſeſſe thy loue, for me too cruell,
Poſſeſſe thy loue, thou knoweſt not how to meaſure,
A dunghill cock doeth often finde a Iewell,
Enioying that, he knowes not to be treaſure.
When broomy beard, to ſweepe thy lips preſume,
When on thy necke, his rough hewen armes ſhall moue,
And gloate on thee with eies that drizell reume,
When that his toothleſſe mouth ſhall call thee loue,
Noght will I ſaie of him, but pittie thee,
That beauty might, but would no wiſer bee.

Daphne running to her Maieſtie vttred this.

I ſtay, for whether ſhould chaſtety fly for ſuccour, but to the Queene of chaſtety, by thee was I enterred in a tree, that by craft, way might be made to luſt, by your highnes reſtored, that by vertue, there might be aſſurance in honor: theſe tables, to ſet downe your prayſes long ſince *Sibillas* propheſies I humbly preſent to your Maieſty, not thinking, that your vertues can be deciphered in ſo ſlight a volume, but noted; the whole world is drawen in a ſmall mappe, *Homers Illiades* in a nutſhel, and the riches of a Monarch, in a few cyphers, and ſo much ods, betwext explaining of your perfections, and the touching, as is betvvixt painting and thinking, the one, running ouer a little table

in

in a vvhole day, the other ouer the whole world in a minute, vvith this vouchsafe a poore virgins wish, that often wish for good husbands, mine, only for the endlesse prospe rity of my soueraigne.

The verses, written in the tables which were giuen to her Maiesty.

LET fame describe your rare perfection,
Let nature paint your beuties glory,
Let loue engraue your true affection,
Let wonder write your vertues story,
By them and Gods must you be blazed,
Sufficeth men they stand amazed.

The third day shoulde haue beene presented to her Maiestie, the high Constable of Cotsholde but the weather so vnfit, that it was not. But this it should haue beene, one clothed all in sheepes-skins, face & all spake this by his interpreter.

MAy it please your highnes, this is the great Constable and commandadore of Cotsholde, he speaks no language, but the Rammish tongue, such sheepish gouernours there are, that can say no more to a messenger then he, (Bea), this therfore, as signifying his duety to your Maiestye, and al our desires, I am commanded to be his interpreter, or shepheards starre, pointing directly to Cotshold, and in Cotshold, to Sudley, made vs expect some wonder, and of the eldest, aske some counsel, it was resolued by the ancientst, that such a one should come, by whome all the shepheards should haue their flocks in safety, & their own liues, all the coũtry quietnes, & the whole world astonish-

ment: our Conſtable commaunds this day to be kept holliday, all our ſhepheards are aſſembled, and if ſhepheards paſtimes may pleaſe, how ioyful would they be if it would pleaſe you to ſee them; which if you vouchſafe not, as paſtimes too meane for your Maieſtie, they meane to call this day the ſhepheards blacke day; in all humilitie we entreat, that you would caſt an eie to their rude deuices, and an eare to their harſhe wordes, and if nothing happen to be pleaſing, the amends is, nothing ſhalbe tedious.

After this ſpeech her Maieſty was to be brought amonge the ſhepheards amonge whom e was a King and a Queene to be choſen and thus they beganne.

Melibæus. Niſa. Cutter of Cootſholde.

Mel. CVT the Cake, who hath the beane; ſhalbe King, and where the peaze is, ſhee ſhalbe Queene.

Niſ. I haue the peaze, and muſt be Queene.

Mel. I the beane and King, I muſt cammaunde.

Niſ. Not ſo, the Queene, ſhall and muſt commaunde, for I haue often heard of a King that coulde not commaunde his ſubiects, and of a Queene that hath commaunded Kings.

Mel. I yeeld, yet is it within compaſſe of my authoritie to aske queſtions and firſt I will beginne with you in ſloue, I meane Shepheardes loue, for I will not meddle with Gentlefolkes loue, which is moſt conſtant, the man or the woman?

Niſ. It is no queſtion, no more then if you ſhould aske whether on a ſteepe hill, a ſquare ſtone, or a globe ſtoode moſt ſteddye.

Mel.

Mel. Both louing, which is moſt louing?

Niſ. The woman if ſhe haue her right, the man, if he be his owne Indge.

Mel. Why doth the man euer vvoe the vvoman, the woman neuer the man?

Niſ. Becauſe men are moſt amorous and leaſt chaſte, women careleſſe of fonde affections, and vvhen they embrace them, feareſull. But vnleſſe your queſtions were vviſer, I commaunde you to ſilence. You ſirra, that ſit as though your wits were a vvoole-gathering vvill you haue a queſtion, or a commaundement?

Cut. No queſtion of a Queene, for they are harde to be anſwered, but anie commaundement, for that muſt be obeyed.

Niſ. Then ſing, and you ſir, a queſtion, or commaundment?

Do. A commaundment I, and glad that I am?

Niſ. Then play: *Do.* I haue plaide ſo long with my fingers that I haue beaten out of play al my good fortunes

The Song.

HEarbes, wordes, and ſtones, all maladies haue cured,
Hearbes, wordes, and ſtones, I vſed when I loued.
Hearbes ſmels, words, winde, ſtones hardnes haue procured,
By ſtones, nor wordes, nor hearbes her minde was moued;
I askt the cauſe, this was a womans reaſon,
Mongſt hearbes are weedes, and thereby are refuſed,
Deceite, as well as truth ſpeakes wordes in ſeaſon,
Falſe ſtones by foiles haue many one abuſed,
I ſigh, and then ſhee ſaide my fancie ſmoaked,
I gaz'd, ſhee ſaide my lookes were follies glauncing,
I ſounded deade, ſhee ſaide my loue was choaked,
I ſtarted vp, ſhee ſaide my thoughtes were dauncing,
O ſacred loue if thou haue any Godhead,
Teach other rules to winne a maidenheade.

Mel. Well ſong, & wel plaide, ſeldome ſo well amonge ſhepheards, but call me the Cutter of Cotſholde, that

lookes as though he onlie knew his leripoope, amorous he is, and vvise, carying a sheepes eie in a calfs heade.

Nis. Will you 3 questions, or 3 commaundments?

Cut. Halfe a dozen of eache. My wits worke like new beare, and they will breake my head, vnlesse it vent at the mouthe.

Nis. Sing,

Cut. I haue forsworne that since cuckow-time, for I heard, one sing all the sommer, and in the winter was all balde.

Nis. Play on the Lute.

Cut. Taylers craft e, a knocke on the knuckles, wil make one faste a fortnight, my belly and back shall not be retainers to my fingers.

Nis. What question shall I aske?

Cut. Any so it be of loue.

Nis. Are youe amorous?

Cut. No, but fantasticall.

Nis. But what is loue?

Cut. A single Accidens. In loue there are eight partes. { Ioy, Hope, Truth, Cõstãcy } all tolerable. { Sorrow, Anger, Ielousie, Dispaire } all intolerable.

These containe all, till you come to the rules, and then in loue, there are three concords.

1 The first, betwixt a Bacheler, and a maide,

2 The seconde, betwixt a man and his wife,

3 The thirde, betwixt any he and she, that loueth straggling.

Nis. The foole bleeds, it is time to stopp his vaine, for hauing wet his foote, he careth not how deepe he wades. Let vs attẽd that, which we most expect. the starr, that directs vs hither, vvho hath in Almanacke?

Cut. What meane you, a starmonger, the quipper of the firmament, here is one. I euer carrie it, to knowe the hye vvaies, to euerie good tovvne, the faires, and the faire weather.

Mal.

Mel. Let me see it. The seuenth of September, happines was borne into the world, it may be the eleuenth is some wōder. The moone at the ful, tis true, for *Cynthia* neuer shined so bright, the twelfth the weather inclined to moisture & shepheards deuises to dryenes, the thirteenth, sommer, goeth from hence, the signe in *virgo, viuat clarissima virgo.* The diseases shalbe melancholies, some proceeding of necessitie, some of superfluity, many shalbe studying how to spend what they haue, more, beating their braines to get what they want. Malice shalbe more infectious then the pestilence, and Drones more fauoured then Ants, as for Bees, they shal haue but their laboure for their paines, and when their combes be ful, they shalbe stilde; the warre shal be, twixt hemlocke and honie. At foure of the clocke this day, shal appeare the worldes wonder that leades England into euery land, and brings all lands into England.

Then espying her Maiesty, he & al the shepheards kneeling, concluded thus.

THis is the day, this the houre, this the starre, pardon dread Soueraigne, poore shepheards pastimes, and bolde shepheards presumptions. We call our selues Kings and Queenes to make mirth, but when we see a King or Queene, we stand amazed. The sunne warmes the earth, yet looseth no brightnes; but sheweth more force, & Kings names that fall vpon shepheards, loose no dignity, but breede more feare. Their pictures are drawen in colours, and in brasse their portraytures engrauen. At chests, there are Kings, and Queenes, & they of wood. Shepheards are no more, nor no lesse, woodde. In Theaters, artificers haue plaide Emperours, yet the next day forgotte, neither their dueties nor occupations. For our boldenes in borrowing their names, and in not seeing your Maiesty for our blindnes, we offer these shepheards weedes, which, if your Maiestye vouchsafe at any time to weare, it shall bring to our hearts comfort, and happines to our labours.

The 28. of September, her Maiesty went frō Oxforde to Ricort, where an olde gentleman, sometimes a souldier, deliuered this speech.

VOVCHSAFE dread soueraigne, after so many smooth speeches of Muses, to heare a rough hewen tale of a souldier, wee vse not with wordes, to amplifie our conconceites, and to pleade faith by figures, but by deedes, to shew the loyalty of our harts, and to make it good with our liues. I meane not to recount any seruice, all proceeding of duety, but to tell your Maiesty, that I am past al seruice, saue only deuotion. My horse, mine armour, my shielde, my sworde, the riches of a young souldier, and an olde souldiers reliques, I should here offer to your highnesse, but my foure boies haue stollen them from me, vowing themselues to armes, and leauing mee to my prayers, fortune giueth successe, fidelitye courage, chance cannot blemish faith, nor trueth preuēt destinye, whatsoeuer happē, this is their resolution, and my desire, that their liues maye, be imployed wholy in your seruice, and their deathes, bee their vowes sacrifice. Their deathes, the rumour of which, hath so often affrighted the Crowe my wife, that her hart, hath bene as blacke as her feathers. I know not whether it be affection, or fondnes, but the crowe thinketh her owne birds the faireſt, because to her they are deareſt. What ioies we both conceiue, neither cā expresse, sufficeth they be, as your vertues, infinite. And although, nothing be more vnfit to lodge your Maiestye, then a crowes neste, yet shall it be most happy to vs, that it is by your highnesse, made a Phœnix neste. *Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro.* Vouchsafe this trifle, and with this my heart, the greatest gift I can offer, and the chiefest, that I ought.

A faire gowne.

On

On Sunday, her Maiesty going to the garde, receiued with ſweete Muſicke of ſundry ſorts, the olde Gentleman meeting her, ſaide thus.

PArdon dread Soueraigne, the greatnes of my preſumption, who hauing nothing to ſay, muſt follow ſtil to wonder, but ſaft, ſome newes out of Irelande.

A letter deliuered by an Iriſh lacq;, in which was incloſed, a Darte of gold, ſet with Diamonds, & after the letter read, deliuered to her Maieſtye, with this motto in Iriſh,

I ſlye onely for my ſoueraigne.

MY deuty humbly remembred. It is ſaide, the winde is vnconſtant, I am gladde it is, otherwiſe had not I heard that, which I moſt wiſhed, and leaſt looked for. The winde blowing ſtifly in the weſte, on the ſuddaine turned eaſterly, by which meanes I receiued letters, that her Maieſtie woulde bee at Rycort, nothing could happen to mee more happy, vnleſſe it were my ſelfe to be thereto doe my duety. But I am a ſtranger in mine owne countrye, and almoſt vnknowen to my beſt frends, onely remembred by her Maieſtie, whoſe late fauours, haue made me more than fortunate. I ſhould accũot my ten years abſence a flatt baniſhment, were I not honoured in her Maieſties ſeruice, which hath bound all my affections, prentiſes to patience. In all humility, I deſire this Dart to be deliuered, an Iriſh weapon, and this wiſh of an Engliſh hearte, that in whoſe hart faith is not faſtned, a Darte may. I can ſcarce write for ioy, and it is likely, this lacque cannot ſpeak for wondring. If he doe not, this is all that I ſhould ſay, that my life is my dueties bondman, dutie my faiths ſoueraigne.

The Dart deliuered, a skipper comming frō Flaunders, deliuered another letter, with a key of golde, set with Diamonds with, this motto in dutch, *I onelie open to you.*

MY duety remēbred, The enemy of late hath made many braue adoes, euen to the gates of *Ostend*, but the succesſe was onely a floriſh. My ſelfe walking on the Rāparts, to ouer ſee the Sentenels, deſcryed a pink, of whome I enquired, where the Court was, hee ſaide hee knew not, but that the 28. of Septēber, her Maieſty would be at Rycort. I was ouer-ioyed, & in making haſte, to remēber my duety, I had almoſt forgot it, for I was ſhipping my ſelfe for England, with this Skipper, but to come without leaue, might be to returne without welcōe. To ſignifie that my hart is there, I moſt humbly entreat, that this Key may be preſēted, the Key of *Oſtende*, & *Oſtend* the Key of *Flaunders*, the wards are made of true harts, trechery cānot counterfeit the Key, nor treaſon her ſelfe picke the locke. None ſhal turne it, but whō her Maieſty cōmands, none can. For my ſelfe, I can but wiſh, all happines to her highnes, & any occaſiō, that what my toung deliuers, my bloud may ſeale, the end of my ſeruice, that in her ſeruice, my life may end.

The Key deliuered, a french page came with three other letters, the one writen to the lady Squemiſh, which beeing miſtaken by a wrong ſuperſcription, was read before her Maieſtie. In the ſecond was incloſed a ſword of golde, ſet with Diamonds and Rubyes, with this motto in french, *Drawen onelie in your defence*. In the thirde was incloſed a trunchiō ſet with Diamōds, with his motto in Spaniſh, *I doe not commaunde but vnder you.*

A letter, written by a Souldier to his Mistris the Lady Squemish.

FAire Lady and sweete Mistris, I seldome write, because I write not well, if I speake, you say I chatter, because I speake so fast, & when I am silent, you thinke me careless. You say loue cannot be in soldiers, I sweare it is, only this the differẽce, that we proue it by the sword, others, by their Sonets. theirs inke, blacke for colde, ours bloud, redde for heate. Oftẽ haue you tolde me, that I know not what loue is, & oftẽ haue I tolde you, that this it is, that which makes the head ake, and the hart to; the eies ielous, and the eares to, the liuer blacke, & the Splen to, the vaines shrinke & the purse to. Wit is but loues wierdrawer, making of a short passion an endlesse perswasion, yet no more mettall. You obiect, that I haue many Mistrisses, I answere, you haue ten times as many seruants, and if you should picke a quarrel, why should not I bring my Mistresses into the field against your seruants? But inconstancy is a souldiers scarre, it is true, but the wound came by constancie; what a patient vertue is staidnes? like a nail in a dore, rusty, because neuer remoued, I cannot be so superstitious as these nice louers, who make the pax of their mistris hãds, tis flat popery. I would not purchase loue in fee simple, a lease of two years to me were tedious. I meane not, to haue my tongue ringed at my Mistris eare like a Iewel, alwaies whispering of loue, I am no earewigg, nor can I endure still to gaze on her face, as though my eies were bodkins to sticke in her haire. Let me haue my loue answered, and you shall finde me faithfull, in which if you make delaies, I cannot be patient, the winde calls me away, and with the winde, awaie shall my affections.

The second Letter.

MY ductie to your L. remembred &c. Being readie to take shipping, I heard that her Maiesty would honor

Ricort, with her presence, which wrought no smal cõtent, but to haue made it ful, I wished I might haue seene it. In this place is no choise of anie thing, whereby I might signifie my dutifull affection, but that which a Souldier maketh his chiefest choise, a sword, which most humblie I desire to haue presented to her highnes. With this protestation pourde from my hart, that in her seruice, I will spende the bloud of my hart. Eloquence & I, am vowde enemies, loialty & I, sworne brothers, what my words cannot effect, my sworde shall.

The thirde Letter from the Sea coast.

MY duetie humbly remembred, the same time that I receiued letters that her Maiesty would be at Ricort, the winde serued for Britaigne, I was ouer ioied with both, yet stoode in a mamering whether I should take the opportunity of the winde, which I long expected or ride poste to do my duetie, which I most desired, necessitye cõtroled affection, that bid me vnlesse I could kepe the winde in a bagge, to vse the windes whẽ they blew, I obaide yet, wishing that they would turne for a while, to serue my turne, being vnfurnished, of al fit presents. I would haue this my excuse that cheapside is not in my Shippe, & therefore haue nothing to offer but my Trunchiõ the honour which I receiued of her Maiestie, by whom I am only to be commaunded, & euer else let me be only miserable and euer.

These Letters read, and the presents deliuered, the olde man kneeling downe ended thus.

THat my sonnes, haue remembred their dueties, it is my harts comfort, that your Maiestie acceptẽth thẽ, their harts heauen. If fortune, & fidelitie had bin twinnes, they

they might haue beene as rich, as faithfull, but this is the Iubyle of my life, that their faithes, are without ſpot, and your Maieſty I hope, confident, without ſuſpition. Among my ioies, there is one griefe, that my daughter, the Miſtris of a Moole hil, hath ſo much forgottē; that moſt ſhe ſhould remember, duetie. I doubt not her excuſe, becauſe ſhee is a woman, but feare the truth, of it, becauſe it muſt be to her ſoueraigne. For my ſelfe, my crowe, and all our birds, this I promiſe, that they are all; as faithfull in their feathers, as they were in their ſhels.

This being done, there was ſweete muſicke, and two ſonnets which ended, her Maieſty went in.

On mūday morning, as her Maieſty was to take horſe, a meſſenger, comming out of Ierſey, and bringing a Dayſie of golde, ſet with Rubies, deliuered it to her Maieſty with this ſpeech.

AT length, though verie late, I am come, from the Ladie of the Moold hill, ſent long ſince, but the paſſage troubleſome, at euerie miles end, a louer, at euery ſentence end a lie, I ſtaide to heare, the concluſions, and found nut-browne gyrles to be cheapned. But none to be bought, but the amyable. Thus much for my excuſe, now for my Miſtris, who hearing that your Maieſty would enter this cabbine, was aſtoniſhed, with ioie, and doubt, ioie, for ſo great honour done to her father. Doubt, by what meanes ſhee might ſhew her duety to your Maieſty. At the laſt, ſitting vpon the top of a moole hill, ſhe eſpied, a red Dayſie, the faireſt flower, that barren place doth yeeld, which, with all humilitie ſhe preſents to your Maieſtie, it hath no ſweetenes, yet manie vertues, her hart no tongue, but infinite affections, In you ſhe faith are all vertues, and towardes you all her affections.

FINIS.